

## Apostolate Of The Press Reaches All Canadian Missions

### Deputy - Minister For Indian Affairs Named

OTTAWA — Premier St-Laurent recently announced the names of the Ministers of the newly created Departments; of special interest to the Indians and all those who work for them, is the nomination of Walter Harris, as Minister of Citizenship and Immigration, and of his Deputy Minister, Colonel Laval Fortier, LL.D.

Mr. Harris was formerly Parliamentary Assistant to the Prime Minister; Colonel Fortier was commissioner of the Immigration Branch. Colonel Fortier served in the last war and is a lawyer by profession; he is from Quebec City.

Mr. Colin Gibson, former Minister for Mines and Resources, under which the Indian Affairs Branch was administered, has been appointed Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada.

### T.B. Fight Mapped In Alberta

EDMONTON, Alta. — As the Indians of Alberta and of the N.W. Territories have a T.B. death rate 16 times as high as the general Canadian population, Dr. W. L. Falconer, recently appointed at Charles Cammell Hospital in Edmonton, foresees a 50% reduction in the next five years through his planned efforts to reduce the death rate. Last summer 20,000 X-rays of Indians and Eskimos were made so that a health record is available of almost every native in Alberta and the N.W. Territories.



Walter Harris



Laval Fortier

## BILL OF RIGHTS TO BE PRESENTED

OTTAWA — A new bill of rights for Canada's 130,000 natives is to be presented at the 2nd session of the 21st Parliament, which opened February 16 in Ottawa, according to a high ranking official of the new Department of citizenship and immigration.

The bill will provide for an almost complete rewrite of the Indian Act, according to the Canadian Press. It has been in the hand of legal experts of the Justice Department for the past six months. It is anticipated that these experts will complete their work in time for the legislation to be presented at the coming session of Parliament.

No one knows exactly what the contents of the legislation will be. Once the draft of the new Act leaves the Justice Department it will be submitted to the Cabinet

where some changes may be made before the bill goes to Parliament.

#### CONTENTS KEPT SECRET

It is not customary to let the public know in advance of the contents of a bill proposed to the House. Legal experts are said to have been trying to put in the new act many recommendations of the Joint Committee of the Senate and the Commons which studied the Indian Act from 1946 to 1948. The Government has already acted upon some of these recommendations, but many contentious problems have been left untouched. For instance it had been suggested to the Committee that Indians should be given full citizenship rights, but most representatives from the Indian bands showed very little interest in the point; the prohibition of liquor on the reserves is also an issue which was left for further consideration.

Usually decisions taken by an Enquiry Commission, such as the Joint Indian Act Commission, are based either on unanimous consent of the members of the Committee in contentious questions, a vote having been taken, the majority carries the recommendations. Such a Commission is in fact, in its composition and its attitude, a replica on a small scale, of Parliament itself.

#### PLEAS FOR HEARINGS IGNORED

Several Indian organizations have requested another hearing from the Government after the work of the 1946-48 Committee had been completed. They have asked for a voice in the rewriting of the Indian Act; it has been consistently refused to them; the majority of natives do not desire the citizenship thus depriving themselves from the very right to representation in Parliament which is the only means for them to obtain legal rights.

Notwithstanding press reports to the contrary, the great majority of Indians favour the denominational boarding schools. As for day-schools, it is expected that the Government will respect the natural rights of the people in religious matters and that it will continue to establish separate denominational schools.

ST-BONIFACE, Man. — The Apostolate of the Press for the Indians of Canada began this month its intensive campaign to recruit supporters in all Canadian missions. The pledges received during the month of January, before the official opening of the campaign, promise that the new movement to distribute the Indian Missionary Record to all Catholic Missions, Schools and to the Catholic patients in all hospitals and sanatoria of Canada, will meet with success.

#### From Sea to Sea

The Indian M. Record has a subscription list which already covers the major points in the Canadian Indian mission field. From the shores of the Atlantic to those of the Pacific as well as in the northern Territories of Yukon and of the North-West, subscribers read the Indian Record. Our aim in the present campaign is to make the Record self-supporting in intensifying the circulation to a point where the printing costs per copy will be low enough to justify the expenses incurred, and at the same time the monthly paper will increase many times its readership.

#### Acknowledgments

During the month of January we were happy to receive the donation of \$10.00 (Rev. J. O. P., Ottawa), two of \$5.00 (L. B. and J. M. T., St. Boniface), the paid in advance pledges of Fort Frances Indian School, Ont. St. Michael's School, Duck Lake, Sask. Other points which took an active interest in sending numerous subscriptions recently are: White Horse, Yukon T., (Most Rev. Bishop Coudert), Rupert's House, (Moosonee, Ont.), Lac Seul, Ont., Chagoma, Sask., Sandy Bay (Island Falls), Sask., Warton, Ont., Cumberland House, Sask., Little-Grand Rapids, Man., Winterburne, Alta., Manigotagan, Man., Maliseet, N.B., Norway House, Man., Nelson House, Man., Saanichton, B.C., Fort Providence, N.W.T., Fort Simpson, N.W.T., Buffalo Narrows, Sask., Nootka, B.C., Telegraph Creek, B.C., Sheshewegwaning, Ont., Fort Vermilion, Alta., Victoire, Sask.

The Qu'Appelle Indian School, and the day-schools in the district (Piapot, Assiniboine and Moose Mountain), as well as the Beauval School, Sask., have pledged themselves to support the campaign to its fullest extent.

#### Catholic Action

The Very Rev. Philip Scheffer, provincial of the Oblates in Manitoba, wrote these words:

"It is our desire, in founding the Apostolate of the Press, to give concrete and practical means of Catholic action in our Indian schools... We have studied means which are accessible to all the pupils to form them to the spirit of apostolate, of devotion to the welfare of their own people, of self-sacrifice. We are convinced that in this project we have found a concrete way of instilling in our pupils fundamental christian virtues and to insure at the same time, the maintenance of an essential form of apostleship."

The Very Rev. Father then urges the teachers to organize the Apostolate of the Press in all classrooms, to find leaders among the pupils and to inspire them with religious incentives so as to give, during the Holy Year, in all Indian schools, an atmosphere of CRUSADE for the Catholic Press.

The Most Rev. Bishop J. L. Coudert, O.M.I., sorely tried this winter by a half-million dollar



Bishop Coudert

hospital fire at Dawson, notwithstanding other very pressing needs in his far-flung Vicariate, sent the sum of ten dollars, writing:

"I know indeed your plight and the urgent need you have for some financial help, and so I consider it as a duty on our part to pay the full subscription; our finances are at the lowest ebb, but there is always money to help a poor brother, and only the poor understands the needs of the poor; I wish I could have one hundred dollars to give you for your wonderful magazine, which is very much appreciated by our sick Indians here in the hospital, catholics and protestants alike; I faithfully distribute it among them every month."

This letter speaks for itself. It is very heartening indeed to receive such encouragements in our Apostleship of the press, and we are grateful to Bishop Coudert, not only for his kind message but for the inspiration others will receive in reading his letter.

### Sask. Wild-Game Policy Causes Food Shortage

NORTH BATTLEFORD, Sask. — The shortage of moose meat, caused by the Saskatchewan provincial restrictions with regard to the killing of moose causes hardships to the Indians of that province who depend a great deal on the produce of their hunt to obtain sufficient quantities of meat in the fall and winter.

### New Boarding School

LOWER POST, B.C. — It is expected that the contract will be awarded soon for the construction of an Indian Boarding school at Lower Post, B.C.

This school will provide accommodation for 100 pupils. Fr. A. Fleury, O.M.I., has been appointed principal. The school is expected to open in September 1950.

### New Day Schools At Battleford

BATTLEFORD, Sask. — Three new day schools have been opened since September in the Battleford Indian Agency, under the superintendency of Mr. C. S. Bell. The Thunderchild school, a two-room unit, was opened in September; Mrs. F. L. Ross and Mr. G. Ross, Mrs. Ross' son, are the teachers. A combined school and teacherage was opened January 12, 1950, on the Sweetgrass Reserve, with Mr. F. G. Wiest, a Catholic, as teacher. The Poundmaker reserve school was opened January 19; Mr. Lisowski, also a Catholic, is teacher.

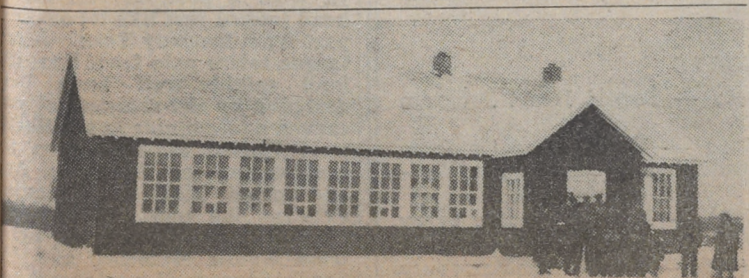
"A date to remember", is the way Superintendent Bell referred to the opening of the Sweetgrass school, as Indian parents and children assembled in the new building for the formal opening. Mr. Bell stressed the importance of education in the lives of the Indians. "This is the first school building erected by the government on this reserve", said Mr. Bell, "and it is our hope that parents and children will realize the privilege that this will bring them as well as the responsibilities and opportunities which will follow."

Chief Sam Swimmer re-

marked, as he rose to thank the authorities, that he "rejoiced to see the fulfillment of a long-held dream that his children would be taught at home on the reserve where they lived".

Present at the opening also were Councillor John Weenie and Mr. Keith Gavigan, Agency assistant.

The new schools are constructed from the latest plans, and are fully equipped according to modern standards. The Sweetgrass school is the first one opened in 1950; new schools are planned for the near future.



Typical of new day-schools with teacherage being erected in Saskatchewan and Manitoba is this new school built on the Sweetgrass reserve, in the Battleford Superintendency.

# THE INDIAN MISSIONARY RECORD

Directors: Most Rev. M. Lajeunesse, O.M.I., H. Routhier, O.M.I., Very Rev. P. Scheffer, O.M.I., A. Boucher, O.M.I.  
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## Why Educate Them?

Sister A. Brady

In La Loche Newsletter

WHY bother about sending the children of the North to school? What does the future hold for them? No one can foretell with certainty what is going to happen, but one thing is sure, the old days of the North are gone forever.

Will these school days be lost time since there are few professions, few or no industries and few arts open to our Northern youth? Still we know that everyone has some gift to develop and something to give to the world.

Education isn't just so much subject matter to be mastered; it is a tool given to develop the mind, the body and the soul of the children.

It isn't important to know all the names of History, but it is important that the children acquire some of the spirit that made historic men do and dare.

Arithmetic is valuable for the truth and accuracy it conveys to the human mind.

Art is perhaps the one of the greatest gifts the Northern children have. It can be used to inculcate beauty, it gives sureness to the hand and eye. Sometimes we hear that the Indians' sense of color is not correct. It is a big mistake to try to change what years of tradition have made sacred, Indian Art as it is in the original should be fostered and encouraged. If the white man tries to touch the beauty of the original he will only spoil it.

In the North like elsewhere, we send children to school to develop their characters, minds and souls. The spirit comes first. Society without a soul is doomed to failure. The one flame on earth that cannot be extinguished is the human spirit. It is to liberate and educate the spirit that teachers are teachers.

We do not educate children to get praise and good reports, but to prepare them to take their places in the world. For the Northern Child what will that place be? . . . This is the \$64.00 question no one seems able to answer, but it must be solved if our Northern population is to survive.

## Canadian Tapestry

Ochankugahe

THERE was the time when the West was young and the East bade her sons: "Go West, my son and pluck the golden fruit of opportunity from the land of promise." But that was half a century, nay, three quarters of a century ago!

They came in ox-carts, covered wagons and in what-have-you.

At first, it was a mere trickle but as the steel ribbons girdled the Western Plains, they came in swarms, until every available homestead found a tenant.

To-day we see the handiwork of our Pale-Face brothers. They have tamed the wilderness of our once great buffalo country to do their bidding. With their hands, they have fashioned an agricultural empire — known far and wide as the Golden West.

These amazing Pale-Faces are not only gifted with inventive and creative genius, but they have enriched the land of their adoption with their culture, traditions, and spiritual concepts.

Each has woven in the Canadian tapestry, the story of his peoples — their quaint customs, their rich traditions and the poetry of their soul.

In the richly embroidered pattern of the Canadian tapestry is woven in silver strands, the sublimity of their faith — the spirit of Christmas.

What with the bustle and excitement of Christmas greetings and good fellowship — Christmas carols and Christmas turkey, even we Indians are carried away by the spirit of the festival.

In this festival man has found his soul and its worth.

Is it any wonder the heavens smiled and touched the earth with the lips of benediction and is it any wonder the old Indian believes the millennium is just 'round the corner'?

## Compulsory Enfranchisement?

AS VOICED recently by the Prime Minister, the government's policies, concerning the eventual enfranchisement of the native population of Canada, are directly against the wishes of the majority of the Indians. Time and time again have the Indians, either singly or speaking on behalf of their Associations, manifested strong opposition to any scheme for their compulsory enfranchisement, spurred by the fear of losing their Treaty rights.

The Government should give some degree of assurance that the Treaty rights of the Prairie Indians especially, should be protected and maintained in the eventuality of the enfranchisement being enforced upon them.

The solemn promises made in the name of the Crown on the occasion of the Treaties cannot be disposed of without a hearing from the parties concerned. If it should be only a matter of granting the Indians a federal electoral or voting franchise only, this is also seen by the Indians as the thin edge of a wedge which would gradually cleave them from their sacred Treaties.

Due consideration should be given the descendants of the signers of the Treaties which are to be kept inviolate "as long as the sun shines and the rivers run and the grass grows . . ."

## CHIEF GALL (John LeCaine)

Each time chief Gall, of the Lakotas, attended Sunday service in church, he always sat at the threshold. He watched every move of the native Episcopal minister like a cat. And he dwelt on every word he heard.

One day Gall met the minister of the Gospel and said to him: "My friend, (kola), several times have I come and sat at your wihuta (lowest place in an Indian lodge), and I have heard you speak about JESUS. All my life through I have fed the orphans, the widows and the poor, and I have loved my neighbours. And to him who took away my cloak I have given my shirt. Only one commandment of Jesus I have never kept. I have never turned the other cheek to the one who hit me in the face. But since Jesus did so himself, I must do it too. Friend can you accept me in the society of Jesus?"

A Christian tombstone rests upon the grave of Paul Gall, a proud Sioux warrior who saw the need for humility.

## The Miracle at Lystra



Iconium, a few miles from little Antioch, was the next place Paul and Barnabas stopped. Jews and Gentiles gathered around them to hear what they had to say. A great many believed their teaching and became Catholics. But a good many did not believe even though they saw the miracles worked by them. And that is not strange, for the same things happened to our Lord. No one has to believe what our Lord teaches. He wants them to, but they have free wills and they may do as they please.

The bad people at Iconium told their rulers that the best thing to do was to stone Paul and Barnabas to death. As soon as the Apostles heard this, they left and went to Lystra, a short distance away, and preached the Gospel of our Lord there.

One day Paul saw a poor man sitting on the sidewalk, begging. He had been lame from his birth and could not walk at all. He listened to Paul telling all about our Lord and said to himself, so softly that no one could hear him, "I believe." Paul turned to the lame beggar and shouted: "Stand up and walk." At once the man sprang up and walked into the crowd.

When the crowd saw this they cried out: "The gods have come down to us from heaven, looking like men." And they began to call Paul "Mercury" and Barnabas "Jupiter." These were pagan gods. There was a temple to Jupiter at the entrance to the city and a priest in charge of the temple. This priest took some oxen and decorated them with flowers and said to the people: "Let us sacrifice the oxen to Mercury and Jupiter who have come among us."

As soon as the Apostles heard this they rushed into the crowd and shouted "What are you trying to do? We are not gods but men just as you are. We bring you the Gospel, which is God's Truth, to turn you away from these foolish things. Go to the Living God with your hearts and minds, for it is He Who made heaven, earth and sea and all things that are in them. He has given you many blessings, rain from heaven and fruitful seasons, filling your hearts with food and gladness. Even after this talk it was difficult for the Apostles to prevent the crowds sacrificing to them.

The next day some people came from Antioch and Iconium and told the citizens of Lystra that Paul and Barnabas were bad men. The crowds got excited and stoned Paul, and dragged him outside the city. They thought he was dead. But his friends gathered around him, and he at once got up from the ground where he lay and re-entered the city.

## Western Canada Catholic Programs

### SUNDAYS

- 10:30 a.m.—KFGO Fargo, N.D. (790) — Hour of Faith. N.B.C. Network.
- 11:00 a.m.—CJGX Yorkton. (940) — High Mass, Fourth Sunday of every month.
- 11:45 a.m.—CFQC Saskatoon (600)—Sacred Heart Program.
- 1:00 p.m.—CKRM Regina (980) — Hour of St. Francis.
- 1:30 p.m.—CBK Watrous (540) and CBW Winnipeg (990)—Trans-Canada Catholic broadcasts.
- 4:00 p.m.—CJGX Yorkton (940) — Family Theatre.
- 5:00 p.m.—KFYR Bismark, N.D. (550) — Catholic Hour. N.B.C. Network.
- 7:30 p.m.—CKY Winnipeg (1080) — Family Theatre.
- 8:30 p.m.—CKCK Regina (620) — Family Theatre.
- 10:30 p.m.—CFQC Saskatoon (600) — Catholic Hour of Prairies.

### WEEKDAYS

- 7:45 a.m.—CKCK Regina (620) — Sacred Heart Program Monday to Friday.
- 7:30 p.m.—WGN Chicago (750) — Family Theatre from Hollywood on Mutual network every Wednesday.
- 8:30 p.m.—CKRM Regina (980) — Family Theatre every Tuesday.
- 9:30 p.m.—CKRC Winnipeg (630) — Family Theatre every Monday.
- 10:15 p.m.—CKRC Winnipeg (630) — Hour of St. Francis every Thursday.

## Public Opinion

Public opinion wonders what is the exact meaning of the Calgary Arts Center dictum "Culture of Indian 'warped' by whites"? We agree that Indian handicrafts should be encouraged to the utmost, but the word "culture" is indeed a much broader term; we do not wish to see a John Collier movement in Canada, tending, as it did in the U.S.A., to restore primitive paganism among the natives under the name of "culture".

## Eskimos Not Citizens

The Indians and Eskimos of Labrador are not citizens, according to an answer given by Mr. St-Laurent:

Mr. Higgins: "Arising out of a remark by the Prime Minister a few moments ago, may I ask the Indians and Eskimos of Labrador have acquired full citizenship? I know this question not germane to this discussion."

Mr. St. Laurent: "I do not believe they have. I understand that on a reference to the supreme court the Eskimos were classified as coming under the responsibility of the federal government with respect to Indian. I do not think the situation there is any different than with respect to the others who are the responsibility of the federal government under the same provision of the British North America Act."

## The First Woman

(Chippewa Legend)

The Great Manitou had his home in the Land of Peace. Before he became a man and his face was cut in stone, he was a great bird and his nest was in the pipestone rocks.

He fed on the wild buffaloes that lived on the prairies. He could carry two buffaloes in his claws; he always ate them near his nest; this is why the rock are red.

The tracks of the manitou bird can be seen near the Land of Peace. The Indians know where to find these tracks and will show them to the white man.

The Great Serpent is older than mankind. He was alive before the first man was made. He found the nest of the manitou bird there was one egg in the nest. The manitou heard the egg move. He was miles away, but he flew with a great rock in his claw and killed the serpent. The rock broke open the egg, and out came a grown man, but the rock lay upon his feet and he could not walk. He had to stand in one place, for the manitou bird would not set him free until he knew many things.

## Indians and Asians

Scientists generally agree that the American Indian came to the Western Hemisphere from Asia. Just where is a question still to be decided.

Recently 600 anthropologists and archeologists from 35 countries met at the American Museum of Natural History in New York for the 29th International Congress of Americanists. They were greeted by an exhibit prepared by the museum's associate curator of archeology, Dr. Gordon F. Ekholm, which pointed out some of the striking similarities between American Indian culture and that of primitive Asiatic and South Pacific peoples.

A wicked battle ax from Malaya with a peculiar star-shaped head looked just like its counterpart from faraway Peru. A grotesque totem pole from New Ireland might well have been designed by the same artist who carved a totem pole in the Northwest United States. Even the architecture of Southern Asia and ancient Mexico was similar. Perhaps the most striking display consisted of human heads from South America and the South Seas, well preserved and highly ornamented by tattooing. Surely, it seemed, two entirely unconnected cultures could not have separately developed the gruesome form of art.

## Northern Festival



Also Ran . . .

THE PAS, Man. — Feb. 1 to 4 marked The Pas' annual Northern Festival with several sports events including ice-fishing, rat skinning, fire building, barrel rolling contests and various races, one of which was a 150 mile race from Cranberry Portage to The Pas and return. Crowning of a Fur Queen attracted many contestants, one of which was Miss Margaret Dick, of York Factory, Man., who is a nurses' aid at the Clearwater Indian sanatorium; she represents all the northern Indians in the contest, taking the name of "Princess Keewatinok Otchee".

## More Self Gov't Requested

EDMONTON — Discussion of proposed changes in the Indian Act was held in Edmonton Feb. 4 as Indian representatives from all Alberta tribes met in the Bissell Institute. Among the revisions supported by the tribes on Alberta reservations is one asking for more self-government in reserve and band affairs.

About 50 chiefs and councillors representing the Indians from Lesser Slave Lake to the Blood reserve at Cardston attended. President of the Indian Association of Alberta is James Gladstone of the Blood reserve. Only white man in the group is Secretary John Laurie of Calgary, a teacher who has been interested in Indian affairs for many years.

From the Cree tribe at the Saddle Lake reserve came Chief Gus Steinhauer and two councillors. The three are relatives of an ancestor who was adopted many years ago by Rev. M. Steinhauer one of the early missionaries. The farthest north point, the Sucker Creek reserve near Lesser Slave Lake, was represented by Chief Frank Cardinal.

One of the veteran chiefs attending was Chief Walking Buffalo, or George McLean, head of the Stoney Indians at Morley in southern Alberta for 25 years. In 1880 he was the first Indian in Alberta to attend school. During the years he has covered the plains of western Canada and the United States, learned a carriage-maker's trade, and served the early police as a scout.

# Medical Aid Flies To North Epidemic

EDMONTON, Alta. — Aid was flown to Indians and Eskimos along the Mackenzie River delta, where seven have died in a measles epidemic.

Winging to the Arctic settlement of Aklavik, N.W.T., a plane was carrying Dr. Paul Harvey and three nurses from the Charles Cammell Indian hospital, who helped Dr. K. A. Ward, Aklavik's resident medical officer, fight the epidemic.

For almost a month Dr. Ward and nurses of two church mission hospitals have battled the disease which strikes the Eskimo and Indian harder than it does the white man. Because the sick live far from medical aid, they contract pneumonia and die.

Forty of the sick jammed Dr. Ward's emergency hospital at Aklavik while tuberculosis patients have filled to capacity the mission hospitals.

Measles have spread through the delta, carried from tribe to tribe by hunting parties. Short of food because of a poor trapping season, the Indians and Eskimos must follow the game.

With plane in which Dr. Harvey and nurses Rita Murphy, Ruth Fadum and Dorothy Chapman were en-route, emergency food supplies were dropped to the scattered natives. This relieved them of the necessity to hunt, and it is hoped, has cut down the spread of the disease.

## Northern Saskatchewan No Longer Isolated

Reports from the northern settlements in Saskatchewan indicate that there is no lack of variety nor any time for boredom in the numerous trading posts of the upper half of the Province of Saskatchewan. The I.M.R. acknowledges receipt of several school publications which make very interesting reading and which show that the numerous activities in these northern communities make life quite agreeable. The advent of air transportation and of radio communication have destroyed the age-old isolation which characterized the villages which are beyond the 53rd parallel.

The "Sandy Beach Reporter", the "Great Portage", the "Pelican Progress", the "North End" and the "North Star" report regularly and faithfully on educational projects, night classes for adults, Boy Scout, Girl Guides, and other organizations providing varied material for the periodicals.

### ISLAND FALLS MISSION

This point has a new Post Office, called Sandy Bay, Sask. The last issue of the "Sandy Beach Reporter" carries a powerful message on prayer, written by Father M. Landry, O.M.I. It tells of the recording of Christ-

mas carols made for station CFAR, Flin Flon; it reports on an audience of 240 persons at the Christmas concert held Dec. 22 and of an equally large attendance at Midnight Mass, Dec. 25.

Nurse Florence Frazer, from Toronto, replaced Nurse Cross.

The Churchill Power Company gave the annual New Year Banquet. Mr. R. Lockart, Field Officer for the provincial Dept. of Natural Resources, is installing a two-way radio telephone.

### LA LOCHE MISSION

Night school was reopened Jan. 4 with 43 registered students. Sister C. Beaudoin inaugurated night school twice a week two years ago.

In 1949 the La Loche hospital reports 755 consultations, 132 patients' admissions, (964 days in hospital); 28 births, 2 deaths, 11 minor operations, 4,307 prescriptions, 1,681 dressings and 71 visits to the sick. The new hospital building is nearing completion and it will be opened as soon as the necessary furnishings are installed.

Father Bragaglia's scouts are very active; they have enjoyed an outing in 40 below weather which tested their endurance and bravery. Christmas was celebrated in a worthy fashion with a concert, a Christmas tree, and good attendance in church.



MRS. PATRICIA BUCHHOLTZ, R.N., treats a patient in one of the new nursing stations erected in the North.

WE APOLOGIZE FOR BEING LATE THIS MONTH DUE TO UNAVOIDABLE CIRCUMSTANCES.



CHIEF CRAZY BULL, a descendant of the famed Sitting-Bull (Sioux), donates blood to the Red Cross in New York City. (INS photo).

## LEBRET SCHOOL CHRONICLE

Before Christmas, Very Rev. Fr. A. Desnoyers, O.M.I., first assistant general of the Oblates, from Rome, visited the school for two days. On Christmas day, Very Rev. Ph. Scheffer, O.M.I., Provincial of the Oblates was our guest. He sang midnight mass.

On January 3, all the children were back to school. The boys were happy to see the new terrazzo floors laid in their playrooms during Christmas holidays. In the girls' section, the Sisters were just hoping that the stores would run out of bubble gum.

The next day the teachers were at the door of their classroom to greet their pupils; they are still wondering if the children ever slept while they were home for their holidays! The high-school girls have found their books and their way to the Public School. The boys, with their hockey games, and the girls, with their skating parties keep the rinks busy. Indoors, the organs are puffing, the pianos are tinkling; everybody can hear screams of joy when Sister Gosselin cancels the choir practices.

### Hockey Marches On

The midget team marches on to victory! Mr. Ed. Doll, the manager, entered the team in the Provincial play-offs; under the inspirational coaching of Mr. Pultzer, the boys are really going all-out to win a share of the play-off boodle.

As the hockey season opened rather late this year, our Juvenile team played only one game against Yorkton before Christmas; a few games are listed for January and February. Regina, Yorkton, Indian Head, Fort Qu'Appelle, Kamsack, Lemberg and Lestock.

Both teams are willing to march from victory to victory, as in past years, and to keep the puck rolling along without loss till the end of the season.

### Classroom Activities

Our monthly paper, *The News of the Month* might come out a little late because of that cold spell which cooled the enthusiasm of the first months; but, "do not worry, you'll get it", assured the editor.

In Sister Marcoux's class, the plaster novelties and art-crafts, which were started last October,

are still under way. Therese Du-bois and Shirley Bellegarde gave their place to the big girls, Martha Chapican and Jeanne Cyr, who want to develop their skill more effectively in Mold-Art modeling and painting. This handicraft in which our girls put all their skill should be greatly encouraged for the help of the missions. They have already modeled a nice little crib to supply each one of our mission churches. They begin now to design and to make their own models; with the Mold Art liquid rubber, they make their own molds to reproduce them economically and with art. One of the best achievements to date, is the coloured Indian Chief's head.

### PARISH HALL

MARIEVAL, Sask. — The parochial hall, opened at the Crooked Lake Catholic Mission last spring shows annual receipts of over \$9,000; this hall was erected through the co-operation of the Oblate Fathers, The Dept. of Indian Affairs and of a very active local committee of Indians, Metis and whites. The support given to the parochial activities and entertainments indicates that the hall will be paid up within a few years. To date \$10,000 have been written off the debt; operating expenses average \$3,500 a year.

## Welfare Nurses Appointed

OTTAWA — Two Ontario nurses and a Winnipeg woman were appointed to the social workers' staff of the Indian affairs branch, Hon. Colin Gibson, Resources Minister, announced.

Appointed were Helen Martins of Toronto, former Canadian army nursing sister; Jane S. Bartlet of Chapleau, Ont., registered nurse; and Mrs. Osta Odson of Winnipeg.

Mr. Gibson said Mrs. Odson was appointed regional supervisor of Indian agencies for Manitoba.

"This is tangible evidence we are placing new emphasis on social welfare work among Canadian Indians," Mr. Gibson said.

Six more appointments will be announced shortly, he added.

## Rescue At Sea Wins Dow Award For Indian

NOOTKA, B.C. — A young Nootka Indian, Henry Jack, has been selected for the Dow Award for his courageous rescue last fall of a fisherman whose boat had capsized in heavy seas near Nootka light station.

Saved was August Dick, owner of the troller Rita.

Dick was spotted by Henry Jack clinging to the overturned vessel as heavy seas pounded it.

By skilful seamanship Jack manoeuvred his small troller alongside the keel of the Rita and took the man aboard.

Despite the pounding seas Jack made fast a line to the stricken vessel and, with the help of a second boat which arrived on the scene, towed it to Nootka cannery.

## RED LAKE INDIAN MISSION



The new chapel erected by Father E. Benoit, O.M.I., at Red Lake, Ont. It will serve the Indian population of the area. Father Benoit resides at Lac Seul.



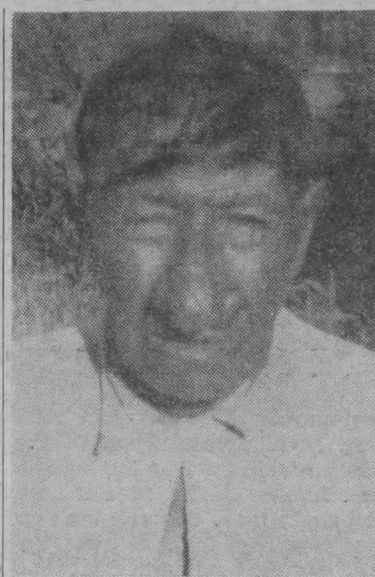
## McIntosh, Ont.

## An Unforgettable Funeral

Any one who once has seen Peter Ashopinace (Thunder-all-across) is sure not to forget him ever, not only on account of his prominent, broad and swollen nose, but also on account of his powerful voice and jovial temper. Peter, a great-grandfather, over 80 years of age, became cripple of late and had to crawl on the floor, but he could still speak louder than any Indian in the vicinity. Lying near a window, which had been broken by famished dogs, he complained of the cold, for the packed rags left a dangerous draught against his head.

Suddenly on Jan. 13 he dropped dead while talking. It was then the day of the octave of the Epiphany, the feast of celestial light shed for all mankind, and it is to be hoped that he is now admitted to enjoy divine light and warmth. On the following day Father Brachet went to the house to pray, accompanied by five pupils, granddaughters of the deceased. The door could hardly be opened, for a coffin was made right against it with boards supplied by the mission.

A burial in birch bark had been suggested by an Indian. The Father, searching for the body, finally perceived it huddled on the floor against the window under a piece of weather-beaten canvas. The widow sat on a rough bed with beareaved relatives impassively pensive. One man held a saw, another a hammer, while holy water was sprinkled on the body and a prayer offered for the repose



The late Peter Ashopinace

and enlightenment of the poor Indian's soul.

Nobody had as yet begun to dig the grave on that day, for the young men had all gone for a hockey game in the direction of Eagle River.

Father Brachet and the girls went up the cliff towards the railroad, for the snow on the lake was very deep. Suddenly a thundering locomotive rushed out of the rock followed by many heavy cars that passed in a hurry with an infernal noise. The girls, deeply alarmed, threw themselves in the deep snow on the side. Their faces and clothes were all white when they came out. The bush road from the station was much easier, sheltered as it is by thousands of snow-flaked huge Christmas trees.

On Sunday nothing could be known regarding burial dispositions. Then when the dusk had set in, word came that the coffin was near the grave in the churchyard, but that it was too heavy to bring to the large inner chapel. Some school boys with Bro. Lafaille plodded through the deep snow and brought the coffin for the ritual ceremony of the absolution. The priest found himself alone with the boys in the stillness of the night near the half-dug grave. The body was finally interred under the gaze of the stars through a biting cold. The next morning a funeral service was held before the pupils as sole assistants with the earnest prayer that the poor, simple and genial Indian, who for 49 years had been a child of God, would be welcome in his Father's home.

## INDIAN LONGEVITY

Mrs. Frank Foster lives according to her Indian name "Nomagekijigak", for she is 100 years old and has great-great-grandchildren. She stays with her grandson "Tebwewokijik". Would she have lived as long with modern comfort?



**IN ROME:** Rev. R. Durocher, O.M.I., Western Editor of the "Ensign", and associate editor of the Indian M. Record, is now in Rome, attending the International Catholic Press Conference. He represents the I. M. Record at the conference.

## A HOT GAME

On Jan. 2 the Eagle River Club came to play against the McIntosh ex-pupils club. Bro. Lafaille was asked to act as referee. The big white lads played heavily and won 9 to 3, not without causing animosity. The Indian players would be superior if they practiced with more planning and co-ordination. After the game the Eagle River team was served gratuitously with a hot lunch, as the boys had to walk back eight miles across the lake to the bush camp, where their vehicles awaited them. The Indian boys had in mind to make up their reputation in another game at Eagle River, but they did not reach the place, and they intend to try another trip.

## BAPTISM

On Jan. 11, Thomas Ogema and his wife Mary Chisel, non Catholics of Lac Seul Band, requested to have Edith Mary, their four-year-old daughter, baptized in the Catholic Church. She had been born near Hudson, Ont., and had not been christened yet. The little girl was beautiful to behold in her becoming white dress and veil. She remained quiet, attentive and confident throughout the whole ceremony. All the pupils recited aloud the "Creed" and the "Our Father" with Mary Edith, the god-mother. After the little girl had been told: "Go in peace and the Lord be with you," Father Brachet took her by the hand and brought her to the nicely lighted Crib, where he showed her the divine Babe who came to blot original sin through baptism. J. B.

## Duck Lake, Sask.

## SISTER SAINT ZENAIDE PASSED AWAY

On the morning of the feast of the Presentation, last November 21st, Reverend Sister Saint Zenaide of the St. Bart Boarding School (Duck Lake) did not answer the "bell call" as usual, because death had taken her during the night.

What sad news to hear on a feast day! Many people grieved and mourned for her. I even saw ladies weeping while praying near her coffin. In the Duck Lake Residential School her memory lives forever, as she devoted eighteen years of her life among the Indian boys and girls, working hard as a real missionary.

Her funeral service took place on November 23 in the parish church of Duck Lake. Many people attended. After mass her body was laid to rest in the St. Michael's Cemetery.

A few days later a Requiem high mass was sung in the Church of St. Michael's School as a token of gratitude for her labor among us, Indian children.

We hope she now enjoys her eternal reward while her former pupils cherish the souvenir of her kind and most unselfish devotedness to their welfare. May she rest in peace and pray for us fro mabove!

Irene Bird. (Gr. VII)

Hockey is again in full swing at St. Michael's, even if Old Man Winter is tough. Three teams have again been entered in the Saskatchewan play-offs: on Juvenile, one Midget and one Bantam. Three cups is the boys' goal. Can they make it?

Scores of "flutophones" have invaded the classrooms. Who knows the number of musicians to-morrow?

In a recent Rosary essay contest sponsored by the Saskatchewan Council of the Catholic Women's League, Alexander Mik of St. Michael's School came first amongst all grade IV contestants of the Prince Albert diocese.

How about the senior boys contributing articles in next month's issue?

## Fort Frances, Ont.

## Parish and School Activities

CURRENT EVENTS  
PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM

The first time I heard the bell ring I was surprised to hear it from a loudspeaker. I think it is a very good idea. Father Principal can give his messages to us without coming here to the school.

It is also agreeable to hear the records Father plays on the loudspeaker on Sunday or other days. It is also interesting to hear Father broadcast messages to the people on the reserve by the loudspeaker. When a message about hockey is given, we can soon see the boys come from all directions.

## NEW PEWS

The pews are all in church now! How we appreciate them. Many of the pews have names on them. These names are for the families who have paid the rental for every Sunday or Feast Day. We also have two long benches and pews for the singers of the choir. It is nice to see the families sit together in their own pews.

WALLS OF THE  
BASEMENT

The walls of the basement are all finished. The floor has been washed all over. Everything is neat and tidy. It is very nice in there now. A cupboard has been placed at the back of the stage for the costumes we use in the concerts and plays.

## A NEW BELL

When the Senior Class gave hundred dollars to Father Principal on the feast of St. Vincent, he said it would help to pay for the new Bell. We now have it on the Church and when it rings we feel proud of having helped to get it. It is nice and it rings quite loud.

Last Sunday when we were on our way to mass it was ringing; some of us looked up into the steeple and we saw the bell was not swinging to and fro. We thought it was an electric bell. We learned later that it was so.

Every one is pleased to hear the bell call us for Church Offices or ring the Angelus.

By Mildred Henderson,  
Grade VII.

FEASTING WITH KING  
AND QUEEN

On January 11, we enjoyed feasting our King and Queen. At noon each pupil had a piece of cake. In the boys' refectory it was James Whitefish who found the "pea", so he was to be the king. In the girls' refectory it was Mary Patson who was to be the queen. The King and Queen were just about the same height.

That afternoon at two o'clock we all went to see our King and Queen on their thrones in the hall. Two by two we all bowed to them. Then Father Principal and Father Monge came to salute King and Queen. After everyone was in, we started playing games. The first game was "the Stick Relay". The next game

was "The Potato Relay". Then came the Senior Class game, "kick the bottle"! Did we ever laugh to see how much energy was put in the kicking. The next game, was the "airplane ride". Rev. Father Principal with the help of Mr. Roy and Vernon Bruyere gave the blind folded little tots a very interesting airplane ride. Too bad time was so short for others would have enjoyed such a ride, at such a cost.

To top it all, we were invited to return to the boys' playroom where a delicious cup of cocoa, with tasty biscuits, was served to each one! How can we thank our school Authorities for such delicacies!

The King and Queen were given free admission to the show that night.

Stewart Mainville.

## ALTAR BOYS

On January 15 the Altar Boys appeared in the Sanctuary for the first time as a group. Twelve are there to answer together with the four who serve the Priest at the altar. Then they take part in the collective singing. Father Principal and the Sisters are proud of their Altar Boys.

Mr. Dan Mainville acts as Choirmaster and directs the community singing at the church on Sundays. Mass is more interesting and many people said they enjoyed taking an active part in the Sunday Mass. We feel we are a large family praying together as the Church wishes us to do.

Eugene Esquega.

## SPORTS

We have a Bantam Hockey club in our School, and we are always anxious to play a game. We had our first game on Wednesday, January 11, but we lost 5:0. We played another game on Friday, January 20; we won that day with the score: 8:0 in our favor. Alvin Mainville made 5 scores for us and Alex made one. Vernon Perreault made two. Raymond Wilson is our goaler and he is good. We are going to play today and we are going to play hard so we can win. We are against the "Frank and Buds" team. They have 6 points while we have two points already. Vernon Bruyere will play for us now and he is a good player for he is fast. We are very glad to have him and we should be able to win now. The St. Mary's team comes to play now and then. It gives us good practice although they often make the best of the game. We all like to play hockey. Mr. Louis Perreault is our coach and he tries his best to make us improve each time.

Father Principal is very kind to his hockey players and his keen interest is a stimulant, moreover, he gives us a treat when we win. He is always ready to take us to town to play hockey, and he is always glad when we win. We are just anxious to see who will win today. We hope we do.

Disastrous Fire  
At Dawson

WHITEHORSE, Y. T. — A disastrous fire destroyed Saint Mary's Hospital January 10. All 77 patients were brought to safety without injury from the fire or from exposure to the 40° below weather; thirteen Indian T.B. patients were immediately flown to White Horse Catholic hospital 500 miles away. The loss is estimated at nearly one half million dollars. One Sister lost her life in the disastrous fire; she was Sr. Gedeon, of the Sisters of St. Ann, who labored at Dawson City for over 40 years. R.I.P.

The reconstruction of the Dawson Catholic Hospital is urgent for the welfare of Indians and whites alike in the area. We earnestly recommend this cause to the prayers and to the generosity of our readers.

Ten tuberculosis patients who fled St. Mary's hospital in Dawson City, Y.T., when it was destroyed by fire, were brought by air to the Charles Camsell Indian hospital here.

An aircraft from 435 transport squadron Tuesday attempted to fly from Whitehorse to Dawson to pick up three of the patients, but had been forced back by bad weather.

The Ranger players are: Raymond Morrison (Goal); Willard Mainville, Alvin Morrison, Elton Morrisseau, Val Perrault and Vernon Perrault (first line); Alec and Donald Medecine, Stewart Mainville, David Henderson, Wallace Wilson, Raymond Morrison, Vernon Bruyere, Alvin Graves and Tom Shebagegit (second line); Mr. Louison Perrault, an ex-pupil, is the coach. Willard Mainville.

## NORTH-WEST-BAY

The new day-school at North-West-Bay is nearing completion and will be opened in September. The road from Devlin is under construction and will be completed in the spring.

## RAINY LAKE AGENCY

The Crow Portage and Morson reserves, formerly under the Lake of the Woods Agency are now transferred to the Rainy Lake Agency.



Here is a general view of the Beta Gamma Phi Sorority members wearing colorful Indian garb for the Labor Day (1949) week-end Peace Pipe Pow-Wow at Lake Waskesiu, near Prince-Albert, Sask. It was reported that when word got around of the paleface female pow-wow some worthy braves decided to send a delegation of the various Saskatchewan tribes, but the suggestions was turned down by the recreation supervisor of Prince Albert National Park.

## Hole River Settlement To Have Roads

1949 has been a year of great improvements for our reserve. Judge for yourself:

**New houses** — From one end of the reserve to the other you will count no less than seven new houses, all put up and completed this fall. Two of them are two-storey buildings, all are spacious and roomy. Most of them are the prized possession of some couples who have thought of giving their loved ones a decent dwelling. The owners are Ambrose Bushie, John Bushie, jr., Russel Barker, Alfred Williams, Harry Williams, Charles Moneas and Roddy Raven. Three others, finding their houses too small, have enlarged them: they are Louis Bear, Joe Bear and Adam Hardesty.

**New Store** — Geo. Bushie was not to be outdone in all those improvements. His large house is his pride and the envy of many white visitors. Next to it George has built a new store: a modern building, with brick-siding, twenty-by-twenty six, now replaces the old log store which had witnessed the growth of Hole River. When you see how much Georges has in stock you will forget that you are sixty miles away from the closest R.R. station, and perhaps a month away from your next mail.

**Road to Manigotagan** — For years past we had to be satisfied with the old winter trails, but everybody was eager to see a good road linking us to Manigotagan. With the help supplied by the Indian Dept., the old trail has been widened and straightened in many places. A bulldozer, operated by Harry Boulette, has already leveled the ground and made a grade for part of the way. The rest of the grade is to be made next summer. Pretty soon cars and bicycles will come to Hole River. Who will own the first car in Hole River?

**Mining** — Last spring two diamond drill outfits worked for over a month close to our reserve. Ore samples revealed the existence of very rich deposits. A bigger outfit should be here any time now to take the final tests. Hole River may spring into a big mining town and some of our prospectors may "strike it rich" after all!

**Fishing** — It has been a real gold mine to some of us. Fishing has been better than in the past years and the price is good. Some of our young people will get a good start if they are careful in spending the money they made last fall and this winter.

### ILLNESS

However, those are but the bright sides of our life at Hole River. During the past year sickness has been widespread, visiting most of the homes. Mrs. Roddy Raven, (Antonia Boyd), is

now back home after spending six months in the Brandon Sanatorium. Young Peter Black is still at Dynevor but his condition is improving. Old Mrs. John Bushie is crippled, without much hope of ever getting well again. Adam Hardesty may have improved a little but his lot is still a very sad one.

### DEATHS

Death has struck here quite a few times also. Old timers like Madeleine (Mrs. John) Boyd, Peter Sky and Frank Seymour have migrated to another life. Caroline Stony, daughter of Jim Stony, died last April after a long illness. Alex Black, (8), died almost suddenly in the beginning of December.

Several families, Stanley Seymour's, Charles Hardesty's and Alfred William's have been grieved by the death of their babies.

Truly, the year 1949 was an eventful year for Hole River! Everyone here will long remember it as a year of great improvements and also as a year of sad incidents.

(R.C. Corr.)

## CASSIAR NEWS

### Telegraph Creek

Saint Theresa's Mission witnessed an unprecedented event last November when Father Forget presided over a double-wedding ceremony. Two sisters, Susie and Mary Carlich, were united in the bonds of holy matrimony to two brothers, Bobby and Andrew Quock. Both parents of the wedding parties attended the nuptial mass and most of those present received holy communion during the mass.

Another important ceremony took place when William Campbell was received into the Church and baptized at the age of 55. Most of his relatives piously escorted him to the baptismal font.

A recent census of the district produced the following promising statistics. Out of a total population of 475 souls there are actually 258 Catholics. During the Rosary Family Crusade some 10 native families pledged themselves to the daily recitation of the Rosary. It is to be hoped that these prayers, plus the special graces and blessings of the Holy Year, will straighten the faith and devotion of this young flock, scattered in the rugged mountains of northern British Columbia.

His Excel. Bishop Coudert, O.M.I., is to make a pastoral visit to the Cassiar in February. At this occasion he will give the Sacrament of Confirmation to some 20 candidates, both adults and children.

## New Church At Cold Lake

LEGOFF, Alta. — A new church is under construction at Cold Lake Reserve for the Chipewyan Indians. Since the former church was burnt in 1918 the people attended LeGoff church from time to time, but the distance of fifteen miles warranted the erection of a new church. The new building was erected through the help of the Indians, and it is hoped it will be finished by summer.

## PIAPOT DAY SCHOOL

Piapot Day School has now two classrooms with 52 pupils and two teachers, Mrs. Laverty and Miss Macdonald. The annual concert last December 21st, which has proved to be a success for the first year, was also a treat for all the happy parents. Everybody enjoyed the Christmas tree party which followed the concert.

The school opened again its doors on January 3; in spite of the cold weather which is keeping well below the zero mark, the attendance is very good.

## Tenders For Oil Products On Piapot Reserve

Sealed tenders were received for oil permits and oil leases on the Piapot Indian reserve and the formerly surrendered areas of the same reserve and Haylands Reserve (No. 75-A); the total area is 36,584 acres, and the minimum value is assessed at \$11,155.00. The leases will not include any right of entry to the lands on Piapot reserve proper (No. 75), as surface rights have been disposed of and right of entry must be obtained from the owners.

## New Hospital For Norway House

NORWAY HOUSE, Man. — The Federal Government will build a 60 bed hospital for Indians at Norway House this summer; more than half the hospital will be used for T.B. patients; it will also handle surgical and obstetrical cases and will have an isolation wing for infectious diseases. A missionary from Norway House Catholic Mission nearby, will look after the spiritual interests of the patients.

## B.C. Indians May Be Of Polynesian Origin

VANCOUVER — A belief that British Columbia Indians are of Polynesian origin is supported by considerable evidence in Formosa, an English-born resident of Taipei said recently.

Natives living in the mountains of Formosa, presumed to be of Polynesian origin, bear many similarities to B.C. Indians, said Frank Berger, who called here on his way to England from the Formosan capital.

"They wear feathers in their hair, smoke pipes, make totem poles and practice art similar to that of the Indians."

Another strong indication of their relationship to the Indians is their attachment to dogs, while other Asiatics generally lack sentiment toward animals.

These similarities support a theory that ages ago, Polynesians crossed the Pacific ocean to the coast of North America.

## Chief Robert Bear Passes Away

PRINCE ALBERT—Last Dec. 12 Chief Robert Bear, of Cumberland House, passed away at John Smith reserve. Chief Bear was born at Selkirk, Man., in 1870. He was educated at Emmanuel College, Prince-Albert, Sask., and for nearly 60 years he has been a school teacher and lay reader in the church of England; for a time he served as chief of the John Smith reserves, a position he resigned from last year.

## Indian's Rain Capes Puzzle The Army

THE PAS, Man. — Natives at Southern Indian lake in northern Manitoba were seen outfitted with silvery, waterproofed capes and tenting, and military authorities planned to find out why.

It seems that an Indian named Thomas Thomas found a large, deflated barrage balloon which had trailed 500 yards of cable. Game guardian N. A. Patterson investigated, and found the Indians had sliced the balloon into usable squares.

The letters "U.S. 3" were visible on one square.

The balloon may have broken loose from joint Canadian-American army games at Churchill, Man., or may have drifted more than 1,000 miles north from the United States.

## 21st Hospital Opened At Sioux-Lookout

OTTAWA — A new 65-bed hospital exclusively for Indians was officially opened Feb. 17, at Sioux Lookout, Ont., by Health Minister Martin.

The hospital is the 21st in a chain of hospitals being provided by the federal government to bring care and treatment, particularly for tuberculosis, to the Indian population in all parts of Canada.

The Sioux Lookout hospital has one wing specially set aside for tuberculosis patients, but it also handles medical surgery and maternity cases. Matron is Miss Hazel J. Gibney, formerly of the Squaw Bay Indian hospital, and the acting medical superintendent is Dr. Gordon L. Bell, Sioux Lookout.

The hospital received its first patients in December.

Mr. Martin flew to the Indian health centre at Lac Seul.

Mr. Martin was accompanied to Sioux Lookout by Dr. D. W. Cameron, deputy minister of national health, and Dr. P. E. Moore, director of Indian health services, department of national health and welfare, Ottawa.

## PLEA FOR INDIAN HANDICRAFTS

CALGARY — The modern Indian "culture" is as far from its ancient origins as the slovenly reservation is from the wild, free prairie he once called his hunting ground.

The royal commission on arts, letters and science heard that the natives' crude but powerful carvings and other art forms had been replaced by "a saccharine brand of imitative work."

A brief presented by the Calgary Arts Centre blamed the cultural deterioration on "well-meaning people" who warp Indian children to the White Man's loom.

Fear was expressed that Indian handicrafts might disappear completely, since there are no good collections in the province. The only answer, a Canadian Handicrafts Guild brief said, is to encourage the Indian by paying higher prices for his work.

At present, the guild brief said, Indian children "are prouder of their crochet work than of bead-work."

## Quick-Freeze Plant

NELSON HOUSE, Man. — Indians in this northern Manitoba community are taking another page out of the white man's book — they're setting up a freezing plant so they'll have plenty of food in the summer.

All 500 members of the community are engaged in making ice for a cold storage locker house in which each Indian will have space. In addition preparations also are under way for facilities to smoke whitefish.

Indian superintendent Eric Law at The Pas, has reports the experiment is being watched closely by the Indian Affairs branch with the idea of introducing the plan to other Indian reservations and settlements.

The entire feminine population of Nelson House band of Indians will participate in canning operations in conjunction with the freezer-smokehouse experiment. There are 150 lockers in the freeze unit.

## NEXT MONTH

The progress of the Church at the Cootchiching Indian Reserve at Fort-Frances, Ont., will be featured in our next issue of the Indian M. Record.



## THE SPRING of TEGAKOUIITA

By SERENA WARD

### Chapter XIII

## From Point to Point

(continued)

Back in the crowded lodge of the Blackrobe, the fire with the smoke, and the voices of the new Christians rose in laughter and rivalry, as they traveled an imaginary lifetime, from point to point. And Father Jean Pierron tried in vain to squeeze himself in a corner and read his breviary amid the din. Truly he did not seem to make much personal progress between the points of his own life, he thought, but perhaps the good God, who saw all his difficulties, would forgive him if the words of matins became entangled with the three theological virtues, now volubly reached by Eaglefeather, and the seven capital sins through which Little Bear was wallowing. The good God always looked down with understanding eyes on all His children. On Jean Pierron, also. *Mais oui!*

### Chapter XIV

## "Ugh! He Said It"

IT was very pleasant at the tavern down at the Fort, and Burning Eyes with great dignity proffered mynheer, the bartender, a string of beautifully colored beads for a bottle of brandy. Good Dutch brandy that was calculated to send him reeling back up the hills to Kahnawake if he forgot his dignity and imbibed too freely.

The round-headed Dutchman looked at the beads and handed over the brown bottle. His little Hildegard was having a birthday soon and would be delighted with the woven necklace, bearing some symbols nobody at the town would understand; but the colors and the handicraft they would appreciate. Only yesterday his wife, Gerda, had said, "I wish already that I could weave me such rugs as those Mohawk ladies make. Our parlor rug it is getting thin and there is a squaw up there who makes baskets out of porcupines, isn't it! Such a basket I could use for the sewing. And Hilda would look nice in a necklace. Those ladies they make such fine necklaces and her birthday comes."

So here was a glinting necklace for Hilda's birthday. "I am afraid to talk to those Indians who come on our scrubbed doorstep," the gude-wife had complained, "but you could do it with no fear, Jan." Ya. So he could talk to this old chief with no fear? He only hoped that Burning Eyes would drink his whisky at home, because here it was apt to make the brawl if he got drunk. Ya.

But Burning Eyes sat in a corner by the warm stove, on the floor, his long legs crossed under him and his blanket fallen in graceful folds about him. Tegakouita had woven this blanket very beautifully, as the Dutch frouwe had said, though as a rule she did not weave blankets. This one she had made from cedar wool. The very fine-shredded bark of the trees abounding in the forest, which had the soft texture and fine feel of down. She warmly colored it with sturgeon red glue, and ochre, and a shade of blue only she ever seemed to get from her color-pots.

She had embroidered it with contrasting rabbit fur, dipped in the different colors. It was worth a fortune had she realized it, as perhaps she did. She was prouder of it than of her willow baskets, or her grass-woven trinkets. But she preferred the beadwork to all her other tasks if she were to choose. Someday she would make one of those beautiful cloaks for her uncle all composed of feather mosaics. All great warriors had them, and Burning Eyes' feather cloak was wearing out now. His wife did not have the skill or the will to make such a glorious thing. Someday perhaps Tegakouita might make such a cloak for Eaglefeather, who was so good to her — or perhaps a doeskin jacket with the most intricate and brilliant beadwork.

Burning Eyes was proud of his blanket and his headdress. And he sat there losing not a whit of his wits or his dignity, and he understood far more of what passed around him than the colonists realized, though they knew him for a wise and fierce leader of his tribe.

He fingered the softness of the cedar wool, as he tipped his brandy again and again, and he

thought, as he grew older and older, it would be pleasant to sit for long hours pulling at his calumet and never worrying about the deer and the wild pig and the beaver and all the animals he must kill to store his winter larder. It would be good to see the haunches of venison smoke and swinging from the lodgepole over the fires, while winter blew about, and he sat dreaming of his youth. None of the Mohawk braves when he was young could shoot an arrow so far and so high as he, in that youth when Kabeyun, the west wind, and father of all winds, spoke warmly in his ear and made him feel as strong as the wind himself. He tipped his bottle again. His limbs were not so young and lithe now, though they still were strong and purposeful, and his arrow was true as of old. But the lodge needed young blood and Tegakouita refused to wed. Who would support him while he sat by the fire blowing smoke? By and by Kabi-bonokka, spirit of the cruel North Wind, would blow his breath right through his old bones, and still he would have to go on filling his own larder like any young buck, just the same.

The bottle tipped higher and oftener while Burning Eyes pondered his grievance and thought how Shawondasse, the South Wind spirit, had brought his first love to him. But Tegakouita would not marry!

Ugh! Was he not master in his own lodge?



He gripped the hatchet and held it up threateningly —

Tegakouita would take a husband or be tomahawked like — others. He would show his niece who was master!

He swayed to his feet. He was drunk after all, and the bartender began to shake in his shoes. Drunken Indians could be so uncomfortable to have around! ya! Hastily pressing another brown bottle into the hands of Burning Eyes, who had something else on his mind, besides making whoopee in this tavern, mynheer opened the door wide and bowed him out under the cold October moon.

The chief drew his cloak closer and stalked silently along, swaying a little now and then, but never losing his tall, dignified bearing, which made him stand out at the villages and towns of red men and white as a formidable foe or a firm friend. If it so pleased him.

All the way back to Kahnawake he pondered and made his plans. Tegakouita was their center. And when he stumbled across the threshold of their lodge, and crawled into a place beside the fire with the rest of the sleepers, he fell asleep with his plan made. Tegakouita must wed — or —

He slept rather late. An unusual thing, and his niece was alone in the cabin when he woke. Ugh! Good! His cornbread tasted good. He washed it down with brandy. And he remembered his plan. Looking at his niece, he wondered what the lodge would do without her if she refused to do as he planned. Ugh! "She not refuse. Squaw not refuse. Like the neck too much." He took up his bow and arrows, fastened his wampum belt about his middle and left the lodge.

Tegakouita did not like what was in the brown bottle. And she did not like what it did to those who tipped it up and let its contents flow down the throat. Her uncle scarcely ever became drunk, and he never had been ugly to her when he was, though others had not fared so well. She knew how really valuable she was to any man's lodge, but she had lived too long in a crowded cabin and among her people not to know how ill fared a wife when her brave had firewater in his veins instead of blood.

She went about her tasks, thinking soberly how she really respected Burning Eyes and was sorry

ever to defy him, but she worked better and harder than two, and she made up for the brave she did not bring to their lodge.

It was all the same in the end, and though her aunts illtreated her now, they would forget by and by. She was sure — or, anyway, she hoped so.

She was bending over the fire stirring a pan of dye when Dahinda (the Bullfrog) pushed aside the doorskin of black bear with the hair left on. He carried a hatchet in his big hands and his round popping, evil eyes sought hers.

"We wed," he said decisively.

"We do not wed," Tegakouita answered softly but firmly, and she stood straight as an arrow before him.

"Big Chief say we wed. Or tomahawk!" He gripped his hatchet and brandished it threateningly.

Tegakouita's eyes grew big and fear-filled as she faced this ruthless and hateful intruder. "My uncle — who is now my father — did not say this thing."

"Ugh! He said!"

The mouth of the little squaw trembled for an instant, and her arms and legs felt as though water flowed in her veins and pins held them up. Her ideal or her honor? She dropped her eyes and stood silent. On a tiny, fresh breeze from the half-closed door, a voice seemed to whisper in her ear: "There was a lovely Lady and she is the mother of the Blackrobe's God, and she would not marry, and did not displease the Great Spirit."

Swiftly she knelt and swept her long braids from her neck. "I die," she said solemnly, and bowed her head.

But Dahinda screamed and ran away!

### Chapter XV

## The Lovely Lady and the Papoose in the Manger!

LIKE all news good and bad, learned from direct information or at the keyhole, the village tongues were wagging soon with the tale of Tegakouita's preference for death over marriage. Well, that was different. The squaw was probably crazy, but when you are willing to back up your craziness with your life you are respected by some and watched by others, who think there is a catch in it somewhere.

Tegakouita did not talk about her experience but it was noticed that from then on she seemed to be more than ever reserved and quiet, that she liked very much to be among the Christians, and that her uncle, the chief, stood a little straighter though he did not forbid her, or further bother her about a husband.

Her aunts, too, seemed willing to bury the hatchet and let her alone. She did what she pleased more or less, and during the hunting season if she preferred, she stayed at work in the cabin and let the rest bring home the game for skinning and curing.

Father Pierron was called back to the Mission on the St. Lawrence, at La Prairie, leaving a faithful foundation for his successor, Father Boniface, to work on, and it pleased Tegakouita greatly when he organized a children's choir. She heard their clear, lovely voices ringing out in chapel and from play and fieldwork in the spring, and learned the hymns that she softly hummed to herself, as she worked at her weaving baskets from young willows. She loved the spring and walked the paths bordered with new budding leaves and brought home pussy willows and flowers that she pushed quietly into the hands of the children saying: "For the Lovely Lady. God's Mother." And they would run away to the chapel and fill it with beauty from out of doors.

She was trudging down to her spring early one morning when the East Wind was calling the world to get up and see the miracle he was working in the sky with his red paint. Her two skin buckets which she herself had made during the winter swung at her sides, and though she met some of her relatives and friends along the way, they let her go. They all knew now about her spring at the foot of the hill. But no one went there. They called it Tegakouita's spring and left her to enjoy it alone. Besides, it was farther than they cared to go for water.

According to the tradition of her people, this sweet, clean East Wind had wooed and wed an earth maiden and had loved her so graciously and strongly that she became the morning star, the squaw thought, on the trail to her spring and remembered how Wobun, the East Wind, had first seen her by a river, in a meadow, gathering blue

(Continued on page 7)

# The Spring of Tegakouita

...ags — water iris. That her eyes had seemed to him two blue lakes as she looked up at him and became entranced. For they were both very lonely. He drew her and drew her until finally she rested upon his breast, and he "folded his crimson robes around her." And thereafter one could see them each morning walking together, Wobun and Wobun-Annung, in the sky. Yes, there she was, and he was there also. She could feel his breath lightly on her own cheek.

What a lovely lady Wobun-Annung must have been! But not so lovely a lady as this one of the Christians, who became the Mother of God. The children had a hymn that called her "Morning Star," too, "House of Gold," and "Tower of Ivory." It was all so beautiful and puzzling. If only she dared to go to the new Père and talk to him and ask and ask all the questions that were in her heart! She stood at the edge of the spring and saw little water iris shooting up, tight blue buds waiting for the sun. And she looked up and saw the morning star looking back at her and she felt like melting away. Then she remembered something else. Something she never let anyone see her do, — unless, perhaps, it was Eaglefeather, who always seemed to be watching her, as the East Wind had his blue lakes, his Wobun-Annung. But she did not mind him. He was just there. Like the spring and the trees and the flowers. Just there,

Setting her buckets on the ground, she turned to a tall, slim tree, that lifted its stately crown to Raweno — to God, the Creator, and there on its side, eye high, was the slender little cross, which she herself had cut like a symbol on the heart of a young brave. Silently, carefully, Tegakouita made the same sign on her own breast, and brightly colored beads slipped through her fingers. She had made the rosary herself, and it was not accurate, but she did not have the courage to ask

anyone how to string it, or how to get a real one. Or what exactly to say. But she prayed as she thought it might be proper to do, and her eyes shone so that despite their seeming weakness they appeared to be looking right through to the other side of the tree.

That finished, she fastened a bunch of violets against the rough bark of the tree under the cross and bent down to fill her buckets.

As she went back up the hill again she recalled how, in the season of the North Wind, the Père had celebrated a day when he said the Son of the Lovely Lady and God was born. The little chapel was thronged from morning till night to see the beautiful, golden-haired papoose, lying so sweet and still in His little manger. What did he mean—manger? A place, he said, where horses eat — not only horses, but a funny picture he had drawn, and called it ass — donkey — something! And this papoose had been put there, because none of the lodges had any room for His mother and the man who was not his father. Because His father was in heaven. He was God. Like the father of the young Indian boy whose legend came to the Indians down so many, many winters. He, too, had wanted to do good to his people. And he had brought them the food of life, mondamine — corn — which had never before been seen in the realm of the four winds. It was all very difficult. This papoose in the manger, the horse food-box, was to be pitied. His Father was very strange to want His son to be a king born in a food-box. If only she dared to ask Père Boniface! If only she dared to lift her eyes and ask!

The young stranger Mondamin — this half-god, who one day wrestled with the Son of the West Wind, during his coming-of-manhood fasting, had been killed by the god-man and out of his grave came corn-maize. But the food which the manger papoose left behind Him after He had grown up and died and come alive again — that was better, and it was different, and some day she, Tegakouita, would taste it, she hoped — if only she could ever get courage — and her uncle would relent. The

son of the West Wind and Wenona (who was the daughter of a fallen star) was called by different names by the different tribes of Indians. Hiawatha was one name by which he was known, but they all knew about him and his "chickens" (the birds) and his animals, his "brothers." And of the good life he had lived and the good he had done to his people. But this Jesus-man and God, He had been for all people, and it was not so long that the red men knew there were any other kind of people at all except themselves.

It was growing lighter, and the morning star fell asleep in the bosom of the East Wind and Tegakouita hurried up the hill with her breakfast water and tried not to think too hard about such puzzling things. Raweno — no, "the white man's God" would find her if he wanted her. She felt certain, and she would make beautiful necklaces for His mother from colored beads and a few precious shells that Shaw-shaw (the Swallow) had brought back to her from a long journey he had made into the realm of the South Wind, where lived tribes of red men in houses made with skins stretched on poles, like a cone. She would make them when her tasks were done, and she would steal away to the dark chapel and hang the necklaces about the Lady's waist and head.

And she would ask her to please bring her Son to find her, Tegakouita, soon. She had heard that Kryn, the Great Mohawk, who used to live here before he became a Christian, and went away to live among the Christians in their special settlement, at La Prairie, on Richelieu River, was coming for a visit. He would come, perhaps, to lodge and smoke with her uncle, though her uncle did not approve when he went away and took his support from the village — with others, too. If Kryn came — and she asked him — and ....

Tegakouita went about all day with her head in a rosy cloud with the Lovely Lady and her adorable Son whom she wanted so very much to meet — under His own roof — at His own table!

(To Be Continued)

## RUPERT & MARGOT



Rupert edges forward as the sound comes nearer, and next moment the anxious face of Reggie appears. "Oh, Rupert," cries the Rabbit twin, "I'm so glad to find you. Rex and I have been getting worried about you. You've been away so long. We thought you must be in trouble. Have you found any way into the castle, so that we can go and look for Margot?" As he speaks Margot herself comes and smiles over Rupert's shoulder. "You needn't look any further," she laughs.

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When Reggie has got over his surprise he, too, helps Margot down the steep slope to where Rex is still waiting in their boat. The twins are delighted to see the little girl, and listen eagerly to Rupert's account of all that has happened. "Good gracious, what an escape you've had!" cries Rex. "We'd better hurry away before the giant catches us." But Rupert laughs. "Why hurry?" he chuckles. "The giant doesn't know we've been right inside his castle. He hasn't had a glimpse of any of us."

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For the journey back to Nutwood the young friends find that the wind is against them, but the stream is flowing in their direction, so the twins get out the oars and row steadily while Rupert steers, and Margot, who is very hungry, eats most of the sandwiches. "I wonder what the giant's daughter would think if she knew I'd been in her doll's house!" says Margot. "And I wonder what she looks like. I've never before heard of a giant little girl." "It does sound odd," smiles Rupert.

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In Nutwood there is some excitement. News has spread around that Margot has come back to live in the village, and that she is already missing, and that Rupert has gone to look for her in the twins' boat. Bill Badger and Podgy and Pong-Ping and Algy and Willie are the first to reach the river bank, and they are just in time to see the boat rounding a bend as it returns. "Here we are back again, Margot," shouts Rupert. "And look, there's quite a crowd to meet us."

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Margot's granny is still worried as she thinks about the little girl. "I do wish she were not so shy about meeting her old friends," she murmurs, as she strolls away from the village. At that moment the sound of many happy voices reaches her ears, and a crowd of small people appears. All the youngsters of Nutwood seem to be there, and to her amazement, Margot is right in the middle of them. "Oh, Rupert," cries Granny, "However did you manage it?" "Just you wait!" laughs Rupert. "Margot will tell you the story herself."

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## LOUIE



Harry Hanan

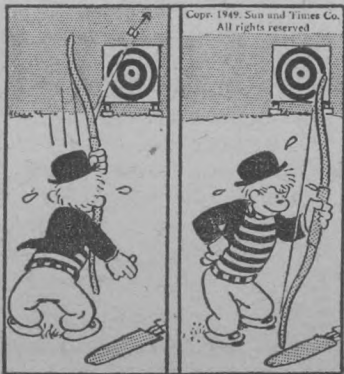
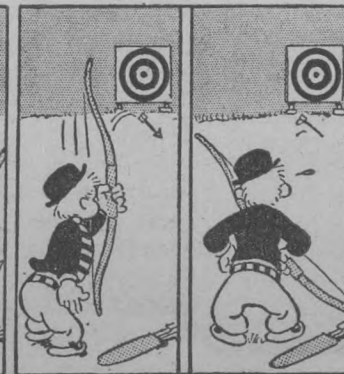


Next day Margot puts a ribbon in her hair and comes to tea with Rupert, while Mrs. Bear, who has prepared a lovely meal, listens to the exciting story again. "I'm coming to school with you soon," says Margot. "It's time I learned to spell, isn't it? Then if I write any more signs I can do them properly." "It was your sign-board that started the adventure," smiles Rupert. "If it hadn't looked so funny we should not have explored that little path, and then we might never have found you!"

THE END.

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## BOZO



Foxo Reardon

## WANTED

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October 1949.

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# THE CRANBROOK MISSION SCHOOL

by MISS GOLDWYNNE POWER  
(B. C. Prospector)

About six miles from Cranbrook, set in 300 acres of fertile farm land, lies the Mission of St. Eugene and the Kootenay Indian Residential School. As you swing off the long narrow road, to the right you see the red and white spire of the tiny Gothic church.

It must have been a proud day for Indian Pierre on that spring morning in 1893 when he "threw on the table" in front of Father Cocola "a lump of mineral the size of a goose egg" — the key to the opening of the St. Eugene gold mine, three years later to sell for \$22,000 and to satisfy the Father's exhortation to the Kootenay Indians in the district, when they asked for a new church; "Why don't you locate some mines as the whites do? Then we will build. With all your pride, the white people come from far off and get rich and you, too lazy to improve yourself, remain poor. What are you good for?"

## CHURCH BUILT IN 1897

Well, the Indian people got their church in 1897, and a few days ago I saw it, standing in sharp relief of mellow red spire

have shown great aptitude for this type of work and their efforts were exhibited at the Athlmer Fair last September.

## ALL IN ONE'S TRAINING

The sewing room is well equipped with sewing machines, large cutting-out tables and cabinets that hold all the aids to practical dress-making and needlework, and judging from the costumes which the children wore at the last St. Patrick's day Concert, it would appear that the tuition leaves nothing to be desired. Most of the children's clothes are made at the School.

The girls are also well catered for on the domestic science side, for they have another spacious room set aside for this purpose, and one of the Sisters is in charge of the instruction.

## A TOUR OF THE BUILDING

I went upstairs and saw the girls' dormitories, with their hand-embroidered spreads and pillow cases (worked by the girls themselves), all in perfect order of neatness, (the students, of course, are away for the summer!) and off one dormitory is a small infirmary for the girls, beautifully decorated in the shade of blue one always associates with Our Blessed Mother. The



The Juvenile hockey team at Cranbrook Indian School. — The winter season is long enough for the boys to enjoy it thoroughly.

and white woodwork, against the deep blue and gold of the Rockies and the yellow-green of pasture land, its lovely old French stained glass windows, still in perfect condition, filtering rainbow colours through to the aged interior.

And more, they received, in the years to come. Following Fr. Cocola's first school, a stout three-storied concrete building was built by the Indian Dept. in 1916, and as you approach, a gilded life-sized statue of the Sacred Heart stands in holy benediction before the entrance steps.

## OBLATE FATHERS OPENED SCHOOL IN 1891

The Oblate Fathers opened the first Indian School in 1891, and the present school is being ably carried on by the same Order, assisted by seven Sisters of Charity of Halifax. Reverend Father G. Kelly, the Principal, very kindly conducted me on a tour of inspection of the building, and in reply to my numerous (and I hope, not too silly) questions, he gave me some interesting information.

## ALL IN ONE BUILDING

The school building houses the staff and (last school year) some 109 pupils, boys and girls. I saw three large, bright classrooms, in the first of which Grades I and II are taught, in the second Grades III and IV, and in the third, Grades V, VI, VII and VIII.

In one class room, the furniture neatly covered by paper dust sheets, I spied several wrapped parcels, which, Father told me, were samples of the art work of students. Some of the children

children receive excellent attention to their health. A dentist visits the School regularly, and one of the Sisters is a nurse in charge of the Dispensary, which is stocked with everything necessary for medical aid of a minor nature. I believe the tiny tots love to line up for "sick parade" in the mornings, just to show tiny scratches, but very often will not disclose more serious injuries.

Downstairs is the refectory, where the seating accommodation is rearranged at times to provide for the screening of films for recreational purposes.

## 109 MOUTHS TO FEED

The Sister in charge of the cooking showed me her spotless kitchen and I was allowed to view her rather wonderful stock of preserves, which, she assured me, were only in the process of being made and stored. I could not help thinking what a great deal of work and food were needed to feed 109 small mouths, as well as those of the staff, three times a day, and Father told me that the Mission produces practically the whole of their food-stuffs in the way of beef, milk, chickens, eggs, vegetables and some fruit. Again I thought of the wonderful organization and co-operation of the staff under the direction of the Principal, in keeping such an establishment running, as it obviously was, in "apple-pie-order."

## RECREATION HALL

The Girls' Recreation Hall is a place of cheery relaxation, with bright flowered curtains at the windows, toys and books for the little ones, and more books, a



The Cranbrook Indian School, (St. Eugene Mission), is under the care of the Oblate Fathers. The Fathers are assisted by the Sisters of Charity of Halifax in the education of 109 pupils.

piano, portable radio, and writing facilities for the older girls, who are given the opportunity to take piano lessons if they so desire.

## ENCOURAGED TO FIT SELF FOR LIFE WITH GOOD EDUCATION

The boys are taught the principles of farming, and are given instruction by the Brothers in manual work.

Every child is encouraged to attend High School in Cranbrook, and some have already done so. They are transported to the town by school bus, and return in the evenings, when their study is supervised from five o'clock to six o'clock and from seven o'clock until bedtime, which is at nine. Holy Mass is celebrated every morning.

## A CHRISTLIKE WORK

The whole atmosphere is one of kindness and helpfulness. THESE GRAND PRIESTS, BROTHERS AND SISTERS ARE DOING A GREAT JOB OF HELPING THE INDIAN PEOPLE TO HELP THEMSELVES BY TRAINING THEIR CHILDREN ALONG THE LINES OF SPIRITUAL AND BODILY HEALTH.

Father Martinet, an Inspector of Oblate Indian Residential Schools, has written:

"Visitors to the various schools of which I have been Principal have often complimented me on the health of the children, on their happiness, on their cleanliness and politeness and on their achievements in the classroom as well as in the various vocational training departments, but they have generally ended by asking whether, after leaving school, the pupils do not return to their 'primitive state.' The answer is that even the first generation of pupils did not return to barbarism, and each succeeding generation has left it farther and farther behind. Today many Indians in all parts of British Columbia, and whole communities in certain districts, are now ready to take their place beside their fellow Canadians in peace as so many patriotically did in war.

## ENCOURAGEMENT AND A HELPING HAND NEEDED FOR THEM

"It is true that many pupils have not lived up to their training and that some are a disgrace to their schools. THIS IS DUE PARTLY TO THE FACT THAT NO ENCOURAGEMENT OR HELP OR SYSTEMATIC DIRECTION WAS GIVEN TO THEM THEIR GRADUATION, and also to the fact that while, as a rule, the better class of white people shunned and disdained them, many of the criminal class, for their own purposes, welcomed and attracted these boys and girls and their parents.

## A VAST IMPROVEMENT

"However, what progress the vast majority have made! In a hundred years, what primitive white race has ever made the strides which, in less than a century, these Indians have made? Their nomadic instincts, their restless nature, their native indolence and improvidence, and certain other weaknesses have not entirely disappeared, yet what an improvement there has been in the last twenty years,

and what a change for the better those missionaries who flourished twenty years ago noted since they began their work! Then, the Indians had scarcely emerged from barbarism.

Today in British Columbia, recent graduates are ready to shoulder the full responsibilities of citizenship. And more than that, two Indian boys have taken the first steps toward the priesthood and several girls have entered the convent. A great distance has been travelled since the first Indian School was opened."

And so, I feel, in spite of the general expressions of opinion of the whites of this District, and the attitude of "What's the use anyway?" that if the change for the better continues in the guiding of the lives of the Indians in the same proportion in the next twenty years as it has been in the past, the people who are responsible will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that their devotion to such a task has secured some results.

My thanks to Father Kelly and the Sisters for a very interesting afternoon.



BABY SHOW sponsored by the Tekakwitha Indian Girls' Club and Fr. L. Leclair, S.M.M., of Duncan, B.C., held last May 8, 1949, did much to encourage health standards for the Indian mothers of Somenos and neighbouring reserves. Shown here are Dr. Beave Potts, of the Health Dept., the Misses Shirley Thorne, Florence Pelkey, Ramona Underwood, Rubie Alphonse, Philomene Wilson and baby Underwood.



A bright and modern classroom at Kootenay Indian School; Sisters of Charity teach the pupils the regular curriculum and home economics.